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P O E M

ON THE

PARK AND WOODS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

THE SECOND EDITION.

By EDWARD STEPHENS.

CIRENCESTER:

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PARK AND WOODS



Right Honourable
ALLEN LORD BATHURST.
THE SECOND EDITION.
EDWARD STRENGTH
CHANCERY
PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
ALLEN LORD BATHURST

THE FOLLOWING POEM
IN TOKEN OF THE PROFOUNDDEST DUTY,

AND
SINCEREST GRATITUDE,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIB'D,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

EDWARD STEPHENS.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

ALLEN LORD BATHURST

THE FOLLOWING FORM

IN TOKEN OF THE PROFOUNDEST GRATITUDE



PROFOUNDEST GRATITUDE

IS HEREBY EXPRESSED

BY

THE HONORABLE LORD BATHURST

AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT

EDWARD STEPHENS

O N

L O R D B A T H U R S T ' s

P A R K, &c.

BEAR me, auspicious, O ye rural Pow'rs,
TO NOBLE BATHURST'S Seat, and shady Bow'rs;
Let round me fly the gaily-feather'd Choir,
Whose warbled Strains dissolve upon the Ear,
And, Joy inspiring, gently lull to Rest 5
The wild Emotions of th' impassion'd Breast.

When first the beauteous *Eden* we survey,
Unfolding Shades a gravell'd Walk * display,
Which leads meand'ring; onward we pursue
Our silent Course, secure from public View; 10
There let me rest, within that gloomful *Cave*,
Rude as old Chaos, peaceful as the Grave,
That seems from some rough Rock with Labour hewn,
A pleasing, cool Retreat from burning Noon.
Mild Contemplation willing here repairs, 15
Sooths the Mind's Anguish, softens all its Cares;
Silence, instructive Silence, reigns around,
And prompts Reflection with the Gloom profound.
Here the still Soul (for Man is sometimes wise)
Views her whole Life with retrospective Eyes, 20
Traces

* A shady, serpentine Walk, which runs from the House a Mile and a Half, and terminates at a Building commonly known by the Name of *Pope's Seat*.

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6 On LORD BATHURST'S PARK, &c.

Traces fair Truth's eternal, sacred Laws,
And Rules for future Action wisely draws.

Faint streams thro' mingled Trees the sunny Ray,
Doubtful we trace the long-suspended Day ;
But sudden, when we leave the lengthen'd Shades, 25
Th' apparent God his beaming Glory spreads.
Now vary'd Prospects chear the roving Eye ;
The wide-stretch'd Plains, the far-expanded Sky,
The Hills high-tow'ring, and the Vales beneath,
The intermingling Farms, and flow'ry Heath, 30
The Wood-incircled Spires, th' adjacent Grove
Charm us, along the *Terras* † as we move.
Be this my Walk when *Phæbus* wakes the Day,
The neighb'ring Shade exclude his warmer Ray.

See yon smooth Lake bright-glist'ring from afar, 35
And like an Arm of Ocean stretch'd appear.
Pleas'd, we behold wide ranging o'er the Lawns
The horn-branch'd Deer, and wanton-skipping Fawns,
New Objects, still affording new Delight,
Around us play, and press upon the Sight. 40

For Prospect built, a beauteous *Temple* * there
Swells in Proportion elegantly-fair ;
To diff'rent Views remoter Buildings stand,
Neat these, and those in *Gothic* Order grand. 45
The Prospects, blending with surprizing Grace,
Adorn, correctly-rude, the blissful Place.
The chearful Greens of various Shades arise, ‡
And, sweetly mingling, recreate the Eyes ;

Profusely

† The *Terras*, which extends itself along-side the *Serpentine* a full Mile,
and communicates with it at commodious Distances

* The Temple of *Hippona*, the Goddess of Horses.

‡ The Mixture of the various Shades of Green is a great Beauty in Places
of this Kind,

On LORD BATHURST'S PARK, &c. 7

Profusely gay the vernal Bloom appears ;
The graceful Fir immortal Verdure wears, 50
Its youthful Coat eternally will last,
Which Summer's Heat nor Winter's Cold can blast.

Rais'd on a Column there see ANNA || stand,
Th' imperial Sceptre grasping in her Hand ;
Surrounding Nations her Alliance fought ; 55
Her Arms victorious wheresoe'er she fought ;
Ev'n *Gallia's* Sons were forc'd her Pow'r to own,
(A due Reward to virtuous Pow'r alone)
When *Britain's* Thunder thro' the Realms was hurl'd,
And shook with Terror the contending World. 60
Here the fair *Mansion* in full View appears,
Behind, its stately *Tow'r* * a Temple rears,
Which seems the Turret of the beauteous Seat ;
This sweet Delusion makes the View compleat.
Hence moving, see yon parting Woods arise, 65
And stately wave amidst the distant Skies ;
A pleasing Greatness all their Scenes unfold,
Too vast in feeble Numbers to be told.
Full in the Midst behold a circling Green,
Whence various Op'nings all around are seen ; 70
An artless *Structure* † in the Centre stands,
Whose Summit, gain'd, a pleasing View commands
O'er all the subject Woods, and spacious Plains,
The healthful Shepherd's happy, wide Domains.
We now descend the pleasing, airy Height ; 75
Surrounding Paths our wand'ring Feet invite ;
But

|| A beautiful Statue of QUEEN ANNE, standing on a Pillar Sixty Feet high, fronting the House at a Mile's Distance.

* The Tower of *Cirencester* Church, which appears to a Spectator at this Place to arise from the Middle of the House.

† A Building in the Centre of the *Wood*. — N. B. All these Woods take up about two Thousand Acres of Ground.

8 On LORD BATHURST'S PARK, &c.

But see, that nobler *Visto* † tempts our Stay,
And leads the Eye delighted far away,
'Till fam'd *Corinium*, ‡ once a City fair,
Lifts to the Sight its Tow'r sublime in Air. 80

Hence guide me, Muses, thro' th' embow'ring Groves,
Where little Songsters chant their happy Loves;
Here, when the flaming Sun is mounted high,
And drives his scorching Fires along the Sky,
When fainting Flow'rs depend their drowsy Heads, 85
And fragrant Vi'lets languish on their Beds,
When the soft Gale from western Climates blows,
And panting Herds beneath the Shades repose,
Stretch'd on the mossy Ground O let me lie,
Sink into Rest, and in sweet Slumbers die; 90
While gentlest Dreams my roving Fancy move
With the fond Image of the Maid I love.

There, far imbosom'd from the Stranger's Sight,
Where Scenes like Paradise our Steps invite,
A lowly Pile, || with antient Order grac'd, 95
Stands, half repair'd, and half by Time defac'd;
Imbrown'd with Age, the crufted, mould'ring Wall
Threats the Beholders with a sudden Fall;
There fix'd aloft (as whilom us'd) we trace
Imperfect Semblance of the savage Race. 100

This

† This *Visto* is five Miles long, seems in this View to be of equal Breadth throughout, and is terminated by *Cirencester* Tower.

‡ *Cirencester*, which was antiently a fortify'd City of the *Britons*, and in after Times an eminent *Roman* Station.

|| The *Wood-House*, a most curious Imitation of Antiquity, and surrounded with a great Variety of most agreeable Walks. 'Tis a Story well known at *Cirencester*, and may be somewhat entertaining to Strangers, which is related of an old Woman who shew'd this House:—*No Doubt*, says a Gentleman who came to see it, *this Building must be very antient; it can't be less than Five or Six Hundred Years old* O, Sir, replies the Woman, *my Lord intends soon to build a House SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLDER.*

On LORD BATHURST'S PARK, &c. 9

This Pile the Marks of rolling Cent'ries wears,
Sunk to Decay,---and built scarce twenty Years.
Immortal POPE, the HOMER of our Age,
Here oft retir'd t' explore the *Grecian* Page:
O blest with Genius that no Bard can boast, 105
Lost to these Shades, and to thy BATHURST lost!
Windsor, when first thy Forests I survey'd,
In his fam'd Lays all-ravishing display'd,
My youthful Breast was raptur'd with Delight,
As blooming Nature play'd before my Sight; 110
Th' ideal Prospect so my Fancy rais'd,
The real Sight could not so much have pleas'd.
This had alone secur'd a deathless Name,
And verdant bloom'd in everlasting Fame.
O could my infant Muse like his aspire, 115
With equal Judgment, and with equal Fire,
BATHURST, these flow'ry Walks, and Woods, and Plains
Should live unfading in my grateful Strains.

But gen'rous BATHURST, with his CONSORT, comes!
Ye Groves be gay, and lavish your Perfumes; 120
Be hush'd, ye Winds, or soft around 'em fly;
Be mild, thou Sun; and cloudless all the Sky;
Rise in your richest Dress, ye blooming Flow'rs,
And creep luxuriant round the cooling Bow'rs;
Ye feather'd Tribes, your sweetest Tribute bring, 125 }
And while in melting Airs ye gaily sing, }
All Nature smile around, and bloom perpetual Spring. }

Nature may smile, and Pleasures rude impart,
'Tis yours, my LORD, to blend with Nature, Art;
The noble Plan, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace, 130
Domes, Woods, and Grotts your Taste refin'd confess.
A POPE,

10 ON LORD BATHURST'S PARK, &c.

A POPE, GAY, SWIFT, and WARBURTON could shew
How Humour, Wit, Politeness charm in You:
In You how Penetration sage combine
And Eloquence, to make the Statesman shine; 135
To fix fair Peace, or urge the Rage of War,
Let happy *Britain's* free-born Sons declare.

Blest PAIR! in You each social Virtue shines,
Life's Ocean smooths, and all its Streams refines;
You, like th' O'erflowing of redundant *Nile*, 140
Make the Distress'd thro' ev'ry Season smile;
Your lib'ral Bounty num'rous Poor confess, *
By Labour best preserv'd from Wretchedness.

While vulgar *Great-Ones*, prodigal of Life,
With Temp'rance live in an eternal Strife, 145
Or midst unbounded Affluence repine,
And Joys which bounteous Heav'n allows decline;
You, whom the golden Streams of Plenty chear,
Between these wide Extreams discreetly steer.
But whither soars my Muse, too weak to fly, 150
Or mount, unfledg'd, the Circle of the Sky?
Not plum'd for Flight, she drops the fault'ring Wing,
Resolv'd no more aspiring thus to sing.
Yet noble PEER, and You, fair DAME, forgive
This bold Attempt; th' untutor'd Notes receive. 155

* This alludes to the great Number of Hands constantly employ'd on this noble Plan.

T E N D.



